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Our Louisville correspondent.

NUMBER X.

A REVIEW OF Dr. Brownson's Lecture on the "Popular Objections" to the Roman Catholic Church, delivered in Louisville, Ky., February 3d, 1858.

Mr. Eborr: It will be recollected that in the last division of the lecture, which we have substantially reported in the preceding number, we were reminded that "we are Europeans, and from among us the barbarians have been exterminated, while in the others they have been converted and civilized. History," he continues, "does not furnish an instance of the Protestants civilizing any nation on earth." He then delivered himself of a parcel of stuff about the English government and India. Unpossessed of all the facts connected with the late insurrection, we of course know not where to attach the censure. We do know this, however, that after Francis Xavier's missionary career in that country, whose mission forms one single exception to the nefarious rules which have since stigmatized the "Jesuit Brothers," (1) not one of that order has been found worthy of being associated with the memory of such a man; and that, consequently, the Roman Church ultimately lost all that she had gained by her early missions there.

The Syrian churches, which had always acknowledged the paternity of the apostle Paul, and who knew nothing of the rising pretensions of Rome to supremacy, had been heretofore protected by the Mohammedan power, which, by overrunning the intervening countries, had most effectually closed the gates of India against the western nations. The Portuguese, however, in the course of time obtained a foothold here, and were as much offended at the worship, which they called *heathen*, as the Syrian Christians were shocked at the idolatry of the Portuguese, when the image of the Virgin Mary was placed before their offended eyes. But as the Christian "heretics" were living in the quiet enjoyment of the faith in which they had been confirmed by the missionary Apostle, it was left for the world-renowned inquisitors of God to give them a foretaste of that wide spreading, exquisite tyranny, which was now being exercised over the nations of the earth, by a fallible man—a mere worm—claiming to be the viceregent of God on earth.

These wolves, from the pontifical den, were unleashed upon the sacred fold—prelate after prelate fell into their hands, and were made to expiate the wrath that had descended upon the dungeons of the Inquisition. Don Alexis de Menezes had been appointed to the Archbishopric of Goa. Subjection by means of persecution—as it was more in keeping with his impatient spirit—was the proselyting method resorted to by this unrelenting prelate. He summoned the Syrian churches to submit themselves to his authority, but, finding them prepared in every way to meet his audacious summons, he had the discretion not to push the claims of the Sovereign Pontiff, but contented himself with the simple denunciation of the Patriarch of Babylon as a "pestilent schismatic," and declaring it to be heretical to acknowledge his supremacy. This bold step was followed up by a decree, forbidding all persons to acknowledge any other supremacy than that of the Roman Pontiff. They were also forbidden to mention the Syrian Patriarch in the services of the churches; and, finally, he excommunicated the head of the Syrian Church, and forced the archdeacon to sign the writ of excommunication. This high-handed game roused the latent fury of the people, not only against the Roman archbishop, but also their own shamefully compromising prelate, who could scarcely restrain the impending storm that threatened to sweep the Portuguese in a body from their once happy shores. Although forbearance was for the time being obtained, they were exhorted to be firm in their opposition to the Papal aggression, and they accordingly prepared themselves for the struggle not yet ended. What open violence could not accomplish, fraud and cunning, united to indomitable perseverance, ultimately compassed. Church after church surrendered and fell, until, at last, all the Syrian Christians humbly bowed their necks to the galling yoke of Rome.

Ever true to the wicked policy of his Church, Menezes became still more noted for his persecutions, by excommunicating people, by separating the priests from their wives, and especially by the destruction of the Syrian records, which contained all the evidence of the purity of their religion. The field of labor in the southern provinces was at one time pretty equally divided between the Franciscans and Jesuits, but the friars were soon superseded by the superior tactics of the Brothers. (1) who, understanding the language of the natives, and adopting their manners and customs, gained their hearts completely by living in heathen orgies; where the pounding of the tam-tams and kettle drums kept frightful time to the blaze of Roman candles and rockets.

Such was the nature of their boasted civility of one part of India. Well, these Brothers went among the Japanese, and were received with open arms by them; everywhere the people rivaled each other in demonstrations of joy, and in acts of hospitality. At first the systematic efforts of the order were crowned with success. But their "run of luck" was of short duration, for a host of Franciscan, Dominican, Augustinian, and other friars, with more zeal than discretion, had crept in, and, putting the laws and usages of the natives at defiance, they quarreled among one another, and all these combining against the Brothers, presented a grand spectacle of Christian Papists intriguing with heathens for supremacy. The Emperor, disgusted and worn out with so much wrangling, fearing that his country might be completely colonized by them, very wisely decreed that the whole Papal confraternity should be expelled from his country forever. Nor are these the only attempts which these "chief architects and plott-

ters" of man's woes have made to civilize (1) a barbarous people. But a few years since they cast their fond expectant eyes on the Sandwich Islands, and, under the auspices of the French Cabinet, the commander of a frigate came to before the town of Honolulu, and issued his manifesto, setting forth the statement (pity it were not the fact) that, "among civilized nations there is not one which does not permit in its territory the free toleration of all religions"—this, too, in the face of Chili and Peru, not far distant, and whose organic laws declare that "no religion except the Roman Catholic shall be tolerated," giving the lie to the above statement; and he, the French commander, by the name of La Place, demanded: 1st. That the Roman Catholic faith should have free scope upon the Island. 2d. That the King of Hawaii should place on board the frigate twenty thousand dollars as a guaranty in the propagation of their faith, and that French *braves* should be admitted into their ports with only a duty of five cents on the gallon. And, as the crowning act of civilizing (1) this people, La Place, in his communication to our consul there, informed him that if the King did not comply with the stipulations of his manifesto, the Protestant missionaries would not escape the "general havoc which would ensue." It remained for Commodore Reed, of the American squadron, who unfortunately arrived after La Place had left, to redress the outrage, as far as possible, by a circular, in which he gave it to be distinctly understood, that our Protestant mission would certainly be protected and their wrongs redressed. So "Catholic France" did not succeed in civilizing the Hawaiians.

Now, sir, compare the respective conditions of the Sandwich Islands, discovered by Capt. Cook, in 1778, and Hayti, (or San Domingo,) discovered by Columbus, in 1492, three hundred years previous, and, for this long period of time, under the loving guidance and discipline of the Romish priesthood. What do we find? Simply this, and it is very remarkable, that the Haytiens "are characterized by almost universal licentiousness," that the priests are said to be of the most "desperate and disreputable characters," who do not labor to reform the morals of the people, and that special notice, in an address, condemning their conduct, was made only a few years since by the Emperor Faustin. Turn you, now, to the Hawaiian group, whose civilization was principally effected by American Protestant missionaries. Here we find that idolatry has been abolished, schools have been established, the precepts of the Bible have been taught, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts on the part of the Romish priests to undermine and subvert the truth. What, indeed, are you to expect from a Church, which at one time relapsed into a state of barbarism, but that she should all the time be scheming to annihilate and destroy human progress? To come nearer home, and as verifying this assertion, we have only to direct the reader to the lecturer's own brief reference to the Spanish American States, whose government, though modeled after ours, has not yet learned, after repeated trials, to wear the livery of Republicanism—and why? For no other reason in the world, than that the Romish priesthood do not like republican governments. The fact was clearly stated to his audience, but there were too many Roman Catholics present, to mention the cause of its total failure.

Another fact, in disproof of the conversion of the "barbarians" among us, by Roman Catholics, and we have done. Discussing this very subject, with a learned Jesuit in Rome, (missions to the tribes of American Indians), Mr. Seymour, whom we have more than once quoted in these articles, had occasion for differing from the belief, entertained in the Eternal City, as to the actual conversion of the Indians by their missionaries, related to the Jesuit what a friend had told him (Mr. Seymour) in relation to the conversion of a whole tribe of Indians. And this, no doubt, is the sort of conversion of which they so much boast. Well, in what did it consist? We will give it as related to the sanguine and credulous "Brother of Jesus." "The whole tribe," (of Indians,) says Mr. Seymour, "marched down to a river, and that the Roman Catholic priest, without a word of instruction, sprinkled water on every one in the usual form, and that he then hung a little cross by a string around the neck of each, and, telling them that they were now Christians, he left them. My friend," Mr. Seymour continues to say, "told me that the Indians departed precisely as they came—heard no preaching—received no instruction—exhibited no sign of Christianity—made no profession of any faith, and departed precisely as they came, as naked, as savage, as wild, and as ignorant and heathen, with this only difference, that each had a little cross suspended around his neck! I added that I fully believed the statement of my informant, who would not deceive me, and that I did not see how the Church of Rome could triumph much in such alleged conversions." We are told that the credulous Roman labored hard to convince his collector as to the reality of these conversions; "for the missionary," he said, "having returned to these Indians after two years absence, and having called them to confession, was most agreeably surprised and overjoyed to find that not one of them had any sins to confess—that there was no matter for the sacrament of penance—*not one among them had committed a single sin*, and the missionary priest was unable to confer absolution." We doubt very much if anything was lost by it to the Indians. This Jesuit scholar now related to Mr. Seymour, as a proof of these conversions, and of the holiness of the Indians, the following "wonderful miracle." It is truly laughable, and we repeat it here as being quite apposite to the point under consideration. The Jesuit said, "Ho" (the missionary) "was holding the host in his fingers thus, (my friend holding the action to the word,) and as the poor Indian was too far from him, the missionary

priest could not place the host in his mouth; the poor, humble, devout Indian knelt so far away that the priest could not reach him, and—here my reverend friend lifted his hands in an attitude of awe, looked devoutly to heaven, and then earnestly and solemnly addressed me—the host flew out of his fingers, flew over to the poor Indian, and flew into his mouth! 'Oh,' he added, in a tone of the most reverential devotion, 'the blessed Lord Jesus so loved that poor savage, that he longed to enter into his heart, and thus miraculously flew into his mouth! How anxious he was to get into him!' Our author does not state whether the host was made in the "Holy House of Loretto," or not; but, as it seems, being duly feathered and fledge, it manifested similar propensity in soaring through the air, we should infer that it was either moulded at Loretto, or in some such laboratory of lying wonders.

As to the assertion, which escaped our notice until now, and which was substantially as follows, that "The world had advanced in civilization the first thousand years of our era more than it has done since that time," is altogether in keeping with the spirit that would hurl us all back to that dark epoch, when, as Mr. Guizot says, "Like the civil world, the Church herself sunk into barbarism." Time, sir, will not allow the addition of all the facts to disprove the threadbare and flimsy statement, delivered, as it was, with such grave authority as to lead to the belief that Sir Orade had spoken. Let, however, the following references, from a host of others, be applied to shut his mouth! Such as the increased comfort, refinement, and happiness of man, elevated by the application of mind in the production of multifarious machinery—in the extension and diffusion of gospel light to the nations of the earth—still going on, and on,

"To the rising sun,  
To spread and flourish where it first began!"

the increasing spirit of pacification, notwithstanding the late and present warfare, which at first sight might seem to impugn the thought—the discoveries of navigation, which has opened a New World to man, and with it *new ideas*—the birth of steam, by which the bonds of supreme brotherhood are drawn closer and closer, not only by iron ties that checker the soil and course the speedy way, but in the proud bark that dares the wildest waters of the dark blue sea, and the tiny route that threads the air, the quick mercury of thought—the triumphs of astronomy over a superstitious and persecuting priesthood. These are some of the noble proofs of the more recent human progress, to say nothing of the superior toleration of our to that of any preceding age in the world's history. Torture, open torture, dare not now appear to startle the car of Christendom, and sicken nature at the shocking sound. To "hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest judgment," seems to be the conviction of true Christianity, and we hail the tardy manifestation with hope and joy. Mind, the immortal mind, resting securely on the foundation established by God, its Maker and Master, will fearlessly and openly proclaim the truth of science and of art. The kingdom of error need only to quail before its onward march through gates and barriers it cannot close, before whose effulgence no wrong, no lie, can stand.

Louisville, May 1, 1858. A. T. C.

THE CHAPLAINS OF CONGRESS.—On the one hundred and forty-seven working days through which the session just brought to a close was extended, prayers were offered as usual, every morning. This made an occasion, including both Houses of Congress, for addressing to the Great Ruler of the Universe two hundred and ninety-four prayers in the presence of our National Congress. This service was performed by more than thirty different clergymen residing in the District of Columbia, with no more failures in coming to the time of opening the sessions, than formerly occurred with the two elected chaplains. Congress being in session more than six months, it embraced within the time twenty-seven Sabbath days. On twenty-six of them public worship was conducted in the large new hall of the Capitol, with an attendance of members of Congress, citizens, and strangers, varying in numbers from one hundred to two thousand. One minister having preached twice by invitation before the alphabetical order was established, there were twenty-six discourses delivered by twenty-five clergymen, from eight different denominations, and cheerfully done without compensation. This does not include the two funeral orations which took place in the Senate Chamber. Seven of these discourses were delivered by Presbyterians and seven by Methodists; five by Episcopalians, two by Lutherans, and two by Baptists; one by a Congregationalist, one by a Unitarian, and one by a Swedenborgian.

On the testimony of one of the oldest members of Congress, we are authorized to state that he never saw these religious services more respectfully or devoutly attended; and that the session was brought to a close without intruding on Sabbath.—*National Intelligencer.*

ECHOES OF THE VALLEY OF LIFE.—Hear the story of the child that went forth into the mountain ravine. Whilst the child wandered there he cried aloud, to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find no one. He then called out to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets, all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child returned to his mother and complained that a boy in the woods had insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand and said, "My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day. Carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive over what thou givest, and that alone." Always, said the speaker, is that child in the mountain passes, and every man and every woman is that child.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.—A petition to the Post Master General has been got up at Knoxville, requesting him to discontinue the Sabbath Mail through East Tennessee. Similar petitions, says the Presbyterian Witness, are on foot between Richmond and New Orleans.

From the Nashville Christian Advocate.

The Indian Mission Conference.

For several years this has been a separate Conference, it having been judged best by the General Conference to unite the red men in one Conference, thereby throwing them more directly upon their own resources, and compelling them in some sort to active efforts on their own part. This would be a grand achievement if it could be fully attained, for it is precisely at this point that the Indian is defective; he is willing that you should work for his benefit, and he is even willing frequently to give you some aid in accomplishing any important object for the benefit of his race; but he can rarely be relied on for heavy sacrifices to promote the object aimed at; nor may you as a general thing hope to find in the Indian preacher much enterprise in the extension of his field of labor: he will take the circuit as you give it to him; will go round filling the appointments as he received them, without ever dreaming of enlarging by going into the regions beyond. If you expect extension of districts and circuits, it must, as a general rule, be accomplished by white preachers. Nor are the Indian preachers usually very reliable administrators of law; they very rarely, according to my observation, possess the necessary tact for governing the Church. In all my acquaintance with Indian preachers, I have known but one exception to these views, and that was Rev. John F. Boot, a full-blood Cherokee, who was a very remarkable man in many respects, of whose life and character I should like to see a more extended sketch than has yet appeared.

How far the objects had in view have been accomplished it is not for me to say. Of one thing I am very sure: the work has not advanced in the Indian country as it should have done. We shall not pretend to take note of all the reasons which have operated adversely to our success. We shall notice only two things as militating seriously against us: one, the want of a proper supply of preachers to fill the work in the Indian country; the other, the difficulty of obtaining and retaining suitable men and women as teachers for the schools in the Indian territory. Indeed, these two causes are sufficient, without inquiring for others, and never shall we succeed on a scale commensurate with the wants of the red man, and our obligations as a Church, till the ministry of the Church, local and itinerant, shall become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of missions as to make them willing to labor anywhere for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, and esteem it a glory and an honor to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to Indians, or negroes, or any other type of immortal men. Now, O ye Methodist preachers, many of whom are busy with your merchandise, your plantations, and your professional pursuits, have you been sprinkled with the blood of atonement; has God laid the burden of souls upon you; has the Holy Ghost called you to lay all upon the altar of your consecrating and adorable Redeemer; have you a heart to feel for the perishing, and ear open to the wail of the wretched and the call of the Church? O man of God, arise and shake yourself from the fetters which the world, the flesh, and the devil have thrown around you, and cast off the sleep into which you have fallen; gird on the armor of God, hearken to the battle-cry of God and truth, and rush to the field of conflict, of glory, fully confiding in your glorious Leader for support, and reward and final victory. We boast a great deal about the efficiency of our itinerant ministry, and perhaps with some justice, but does the history of our Indian Missions sustain that boast? The Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists have no itinerancy, and yet they find no difficulty in supplying their work in the Indian country with both preachers and teachers, while we, who boast of our glorious itinerancy, and are startled at the ghost of theological seminaries, and maintain that the itinerancy is the best school in the world for training the ministry, can with great difficulty get these outposts even partially supplied. What's the matter? Now Bishop Early will need several, both preachers and teachers, for the Indian Conference the ensuing fall. Who will be ready and willing to go? There are many excellent local preachers who are scarcely making their bread, in neighborhoods where they have lived and labored till they are nearly worn out, who might wield a tremendous influence for good in some new field of labor, and make as good a support for their families, or even better than they are now doing; and many traveling preachers in the older Conferences, men of good parts, who will never take their proper position because surrounded by so many men of age and experience. Let these preachers cut loose from their leading-strings, throw themselves into some new, rising Conference, take that position in its business and councils to which their capacity entitles, and instead of droning life away in the shade of others, let them become leaders and fathers in Israel.

Come, brethren, wake up; think of the Indians; think of Kansas; think of New Mexico, without a single Methodist preacher within its limits. Think of these things; feel, pray, and act, and may God give you wisdom, decision, and firmness! Bishop Early has charge of these two Conferences for the next year, to whom communications on the subject may be addressed, at Lynchburg, Virginia. I hope the Bishop will excuse the liberty I have taken in calling attention to the work assigned him for the coming season. They were in my district last year, and I failed to reach them in consequence of affliction. I feel, therefore, a deep interest in their prosperity.

JAMES O. ANDREW.  
Summerfield, Ala., June 23, 1858.

P. S.—As the subject of these numbers is one of deep interest to the whole Church, I shall be glad if our Church Editors will give them a place in their respective journals, or give us something better on the same subject.

J. O. A.

Sugar has become a domestic necessity. It is found in almost all the products of the earth. There is a species of palm which yields sugar-water. It is propagated from the seed; the growth is most flourishing in high lands where there is some frost—but not much; there must be some. One acre will yield from three to five tons of sugar—not requiring any grinding apparatus; a pot and a fire will make it anywhere. A gentleman, whom we know, has sent for several tons of the seed, and we hope for a successful experiment—as sugar is a luxury which, in some form or other, is essential to our comfort and our health.

INTERESTING TO THOSE WHO "BORED" KOSUTH. Mr. Kosuth, the Hungarian, wrote a letter to a member of the British Parliament, dated Pittsburgh, January 22, 1852, which has just found the light. It commences:

Dear Sir:—You have heard of the reception I met with in America. They bored me with triumphant entries and invitations and addresses; but by submitting to this annoying party of my mission I had the opportunity of drawing their attention to their foreign policy.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

A Preacher and Hearer.

There was some years ago, says Dr. Krummacher of Elberfeld, in his work entitled "Elijah the Tishbite," there was not very far from this place, a very gifted preacher, who for several years preached with great earnestness and success the doctrine of the cross, but who, on this very account, was violently opposed.

One of his opponents, a well informed person, who had for a long time absented himself from the Church, thought, one Sabbath morning, that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than heretofore. He went, that morning the preacher was speaking of the narrow way, which he did not make either narrower or broader than the Word of God describes it. "A new creature in Christ or eternal condemnation," was the theme of his discourse; and he spoke with power, and not as a mere learned reasoner. During the sermon the question forced itself upon this hearer's conscience, "How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth? If he does, what must inevitably follow from it?" This thought took such a hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it, amidst any of his engagements or amusements. But it became from day to day more and more troublesome, more and more penetrating, and threatened to embitter every joy of his life; so that at last he thought he would go to the preacher himself, and ask him, upon his conscience, if he were convinced of the truth of that which he had lately preached. He fulfilled his intention, and went to the preacher. "Sir," said he to him with great earnestness, "I was one of your hearers when you spoke, a short time since, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you that you have disturbed my peace of mind, and I can not refrain from asking you solemnly, before God, and upon your conscience, if you can prove what you asserted, or whether it was an unfounded alarm." The preacher, not a little surprised at this address, replied with convincing certainty, that he had spoken the Word of God, and consequently infallible truth. "What, then, is to become of us?" replied the visitor. His last word, as started the preacher, but he rallied his thoughts, and began to explain the plan of salvation to the enquirer, and to exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he heard not one syllable of what the preacher said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated with increasing emotion, the anxious exclamation, "If it be truth, sir, I beseech you what are we to do?" Terrified, the preacher staggered back. "We," thinks he, "what means this?" and, endeavoring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortations and advice. Tears came into the eyes of the visitor; he smote his hands together like one in despair, and exclaimed, in accents which might have moved a heart of stone, "Sir, if it be truth, we are undone." The preacher stood pale and trembling, and speechless. Then, overwhelmed with astonishment, with downcast eyes and convulsive sobs, he exclaimed, "Friend, down on your knees, let us cry for mercy." They knelt down and prayed, and shortly afterwards the visitor took his leave.

The preacher shut himself up in his closet. On the next Sabbath day was sent that the minister was unwell, and could not appear. The same thing happened the Sabbath following. On the third Sabbath the preacher made his appearance before his congregation, worn with his inward conflict, and pale, but his eyes beaming with joy, and commenced his discourse with the surprising and affecting declaration, that he had now for the first time, passed through the straight gate.

You will ask what had occurred to him in his chamber, during the interval which had elapsed? "A storm passed over him, but the Lord was not in the storm; an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. Then came a still, small voice, on which the man enveloped his face in his mantle, and from that time knew what was the gospel, and what was grace."

A TALE THAT IS TRUE.—A short time since I was invited by a friend to accompany him to Hospital to witness an operation which was to be performed that day. I consented; not that I wished to look upon a suffering man, but rather that I might have an opportunity of seeing how operations were conducted in these dwellings of the afflicted. I seated myself by the side of my friend, while my eyes wandered about the room, tarrying on knives, saws, and other instruments which lay on the table before me, painting to my imagination the scenes of anguish which their walls had witnessed, and exciting in my heart pity for those poor sufferers who were from day to day extended on that sheeted table.

As I was meditating upon the "many ills which flesh is heir to," the door opened, and upon a board was brought a man exhausted with disease and worn out with pain. He was laid upon the table, and the instruments of amputation readily prepared. The bloodless face and trembling form told us that the sufferer was conscious of his situation, and dreaded the pain he was about to endure. Perhaps, thought I, as I looked upon the mortified and deathened limb, perhaps that man is a father, who has a wife and child to mourn over his misfortunes, and friends to minister to his wants; but now none are with him, he is to bear his pains alone. The saw followed the knife, and soon the limb was taken off. As the surgeon was taking up the arteries, curiosity led me to inquire the cause of the disease, and my feelings were indescribably when I was told—"while in a state of intoxication, for want of a better shelter, he slept in a barn and froze his feet?"

I was faint and sick with the sight, and rose to leave the room. The hand of my friend held me by the shoulder, while he asked me if I did not intend to see the whole operation.

"Is it not already done?" I inquired.

"No, the other is to be taken off."

I hastened from the spot, again to be in the open air, and relieve my ear and heart from the torture of the unfortunate man.

If I have listened unmoved to temperance lectures, and temperance addresses, the eloquence of that scene conversed on.

But the man that provided him with the rum! I would that he had been there, and if the groans of that suffering man could not reform him, a voice from the tomb would fail to do it.

ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK CITY.—In the male and female higher schools, free schools, and orphan asylums in this city, there are 12,938 pupils and 316 teachers. The capital invested in these school buildings, the land on which they are erected, and the school furniture, is \$1,048,000, about half of which is under mortgage.

A correspondent of the Christian Advocate, writing from Rome, says that the inscription on a Church in that city, taken from Hebrews iv. 16, has been changed so as to read, "Let us come boldly unto the throne of the virgin Mary, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Holston C. response.

Mr. Eborr: Some time has elapsed since my last communication, and perhaps you and your readers feel quite as much edified as if my pen had furnished a communication regularly every week. Be that as it may, I will once more let you hear from the delightful country embraced in the bounds of the Holston Conference.

The wheat crop was the largest ever sown in this country, and looked very promising till about the 10th of June; it has been cut short by rust, and thereby cast a gloom over the face of many farmers. And were it not that there is no demand for wheat, many of these husbandmen would be ready to murmur and complain at the providence that blighted their prospects of gain. But, as things are now, they console themselves by saying, it is a matter of very little import, for if they had made ever so abundant a crop, there would not have been a market for it.

The oat crop proved an entire failure in every portion of this region from which I have heard. The rust came on the oats very early, and hence a vast portion of the crop never headed, but fell down. Madam rumor says that in some places horses, cattle and hogs have been killed by eating rusty oats.

The corn crop looks very promising in nearly every neighborhood, yet, notwithstanding this, many croakers are predicting that it will be short, for they say that there is so much rain now that, when rain is needed most for the corn crop, it will be dry.

Well, is it not strange that beings who cannot make one hair of their head white or black, and are dependent on the living God, who is merciful and abundant in goodness, will occupy their time and attention about the things that properly belong to God, and let the precious time God has given them to prepare for eternity go to waste, or sinfully employ it in croaking and finding fault with God? If men would do their duty, and leave the event to Him who will do all things right, trusting in God, many of their imaginary evils would vanish, and they would find in the providence of God much to call for grateful acknowledgment to him that doeth all things right.

Many of the citizens of Monroe county, Tenn., are very much excited about the reopening of the gold mines on Coaker's Creek, which were worked some twenty-five years since, but have, until recently, been thought of little value. Some recent discoveries have produced quite an interest on the subject. A Mr. Cooper, report says, has been mining very successfully part of the time, averaging twenty dollars per day to the hand. Several lumps of gold have been found of considerable size; one, found a few days since, was worth two hundred dollars, as I am informed by a gentleman of Monroe county. Some sixty hands are at work, and many more will be there as soon as harvest is over.

Is it not strange that a little of the shining dust will produce such excitement, and cause men to risk their money, and toil and labor in the mountain gorge and elsewhere, in washing and digging down hills and tearing up the valleys, making diligent search for the gold, which will only answer to purchase that which will perish in its using; and yet neglect to seek for the gold that has been tried in the fire, that will make them rich in time and great in eternity.

The interest felt in religious matters, if we may judge by the signs of the times, is at a low ebb, and there would be no injustice, as I conceive, done us if the language of the prophet was spoken against us: "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion." Since my last communication, death has been thinning our itinerant ranks, and we have lost two excellent men, Thomas Stringfield and Charles Mitchell.

Thus star by star they pass away,  
Till all are gone.

O, how important that we be also ready, for in an hour we think not the Son of Man cometh. Soon the present generation of ministers will have passed away, and how vastly important for us to do what we do quickly, lest the night of death overtake us, when no man can work. May Almighty God help us to watch, and be ready to go in with the bridegroom when he cometh.

W. H. KELLY.

July, 1858.

ANCIENT PREACHING.—Mr. Trumbull, of the Connecticut Historical Society, has been looking over a collection of sermons, nearly three hundred years old. He notices the habit of preaching many successive discourses, sometimes twenty-five, from the same text. A chaplain of Cromwell's army preached eight hours upon the word "Pomegranate," taken from the description of the priestly robes of Israel. He said he would proceed to unfold the Divine truth contained therein, seed by seed. After discoursing eight hours, he postponed the remainder to the next day. We heard of a modern preacher once, who might have been a descendant of the latter, who announced that his subject naturally divided itself into nineteen heads, but for the sake of brevity he should reduce it down to eighteen.

TANNING AN ELEPHANT'S HIDE.—They are tanning an elephant's hide at Cincinnati. It was purchased by a furrier in Wisconsin, where the animal, which belonged to a menagerie, died. The freight to Cincinnati cost \$15. It is an immense hide, so bulky that the tanners handle it with great difficulty. It is nearly two inches thick, and fully a year and a half will be required to tan it thoroughly. It will be a curiosity when thoroughly tanned and seasoned.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—President Harrison taught for several years in an humble Sabbath School on the banks of the Ohio. The Sabbath before he left home for Washington, to assume the duties of Chief Magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible class as usual. And his last counsel on the subject to his gardener at Washington, it may be hoped, will never be forgotten by the nation. When advised to keep a dog to protect the fruit, he replied, "rather set a Sunday School teacher to take care of the boys."